

The Promise

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HTML version

The Promise

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Chapter 1:

The galaxy is vast and beautiful, isn't it?

I mean, I could stay in my ship forever, thinking about my life and the lives of my friends and enemies. And I think I may, for I see nothing more to do.

> Like an old cowboy, I won't die. I'll just fade away. I am not needed. I've done my part and kept my promises. Both of my great promises. <p>

But you must be wondering what I'm talking about, right? I warn you, it is no happy story. There is no such thing as a happy ending. In fact, there is

> no such thing as an ending. <p>

But this is the beginning of my story. Is there truly a beginning to anything? I don't know, but maybe I'll figure it out someday.

Back to the story:

You know about the Yeerks. You know they were rapidly taking control of our planet.

Only I and five of my friends fought the Yeerks. We were given the power to change into any animal we touched or "acquired" by the dying

Andalite,
> Prince Elfangor. <p>

We've been through so many battles with Hork-Bajir controllers and other Yeerks. And everytime we wondered if it would be our last battle.

But one day, all that would change. Our view of every species in this terrible war would. Those we thought were the enemy would become our allies.

> And those we thought were our friends...our closest friends, would betray us. <p>

But I wasn't concerned about Yeerks or battles the day I met her, the creature who's wish and determination would change the course of history.

I was being my cute charming self. As always.

"Hey, Nimue!"

She glanced at me out of the corner of her eye as she slid a book into her locker and got out another.

Nimue wasn't what most people would call normal.

> She had short red hair and beautiful green eyes. She had moved from some southern state, and had the coolest accent. Most people liked her enough.
 In fact, in the past year or so I'd noticed that a lot of kids seemed to respect her more. Now it makes perfect sense. I often wish I'd never talked to

> her that day. Maybe none of this would have happened. But then, I would never have met the real person who walked through the halls. Both of them.
 And one would become the only person I'd ever want to be with.

"What's up, Marco?"

"Nothin'. I was just wondering why you didn't have a date to the dance yet."

I kicked myself.

Nimue laughed.

"Why thank you, Marco. Your so sweet."

"I didn't mean it like that." I said desperately

"I know what you meant. I'm not going to the dance, though. I'm busy that night. I hear that your going to the weekend retreat on Saturday."

"Yeah, I guess."

BBBBRRRRRIIINNNGGGG!!!!

Nimue smiled and walked off.

"See you later, Marco."

She disappeared into a classroom down the hall, leaving me standing there like an idiot. I kicked myself some more. Was I losing my charm? No, she
> hadn't slammed my fingers in her locker. That happened before. Though she swore it was an accident. <p>

Suddenly I noticed a sheet of paper below Nimue's locker. I reached down for it but then stopped. It was one of Nimue's drawings. It was a sketch of
> an Andalite. <p>

For a few minutes I just stared at it. It looked exactly like Elfangor. Exactly.

I swallowed hard. We had a problem. Nimue knew about Andalites. Which meant one of three things. She was either a Controller, another species of
> alien or perhaps a Chee, or she had found out some other way about Andalites. But I was guessing she was a controller. <p>

"Marco, you tardy. Get to class.Now."

I stuffed the drawing into my pocket and ran to class. If Chapman had been at a different angle, he could have seen it, and that might of been the end
> of us all. I slid into class next to Jake. <p>

"We have a problem." I hissed.

Jake looked alarmed. He followed my glance towards Nimue.

He gave me a questioning look .

"Marco and Jake, would you kindly pay attention if it's not to much to ask."

I glanced up at the teacher and turned towards the chalk board. Nimue looked back at us for a moment then turned back to doing the work on the
> board. <p>

And in that moment, I swear she knew what had happened. I saw cold fear in her eyes. And I saw the stare, as if she was sizing me up. I'd seen it
> before in battle with the Yeerks. Nimue was a controller.
<p>

Chapter 2

After school, we all met in Cassie's barn. Cassie was cleaning out a cage for some animal or other. I'd lost track of them by then.

"So what do we know about her?"

This is a very good drawing. I did not realize that humans possessed this talent >

Jake grabbed the drawing from Ax and looked at it closely.

"Why would any Yeerk draw this and then be careless enough to loose

it? Visser Three would have their heads on a platter!"

Ax waved his stalk eyes back and forth, which meant 'I don't know'.

I have no idea Prince Jake. Perhaps Marco's friend is a Chee.

>

"Don't call me 'Prince'. And Erek should be here any minute...oh, here there he is."

Yes, Prince Jake. >

Erek walked into the barn. "Hey guys. What's up?"

Of course, Erek was no human. He was an android. A Chee, created by the now extinct pemalites. The image we saw was merely an extremely

> advanced hologram. <p>

Jake smiled at Erek.

"Hi Erek. We need you to give us any information you can on this person."

He pointed to Nimue's signature in the lower corner of the drawing. Erek's holographic eyes seemed to go wide with surprise for a moment.

"She's Visser Thirteen. She's here on Earth to keep an eye on Visser Three."

"Anything else?"

Erek smiled.

"She's considered very kind by her troops. She is very idealistic, and believes in more of a compromise between host and yeerk. She has let her host's

> family remain free, even though it would be much more convenient to let the Yeerks have them. Her blade ship is in a crater of your moon as we
 speak, though she rarely goes there. The Council of Thirteen says that she could be put in charge of the invasion of Earth, so Visser Three, needless to
> say, is a very very mad person right now." <p>

Cassie peered over Jake's shoulder at the drawing.

"It's Elfangor." she whispered.

Jake nodded.

"Why would she draw Elfangor?"

Erek nodded "She has suggested a treaty with Andalites before."

Ax seemed to make a snorting sound of disgust.

"I can give you the address to her house. She has access to the yeerk pool from there."

Rachel grinned.

"Bad Rachel. Behave." I said.

I didn't like that look in her eye. The look she got before she thought there was going to be some action.

"Tobias , Marco, and I will go see what she's up to. Spying mission. Ax, Cassie and Rachel, your backup.

Rachel grumbled a little.

"Poor Rachel. No battle today. I hope." I said smugly.

"Lets morph." Jake said. He smiled a big dopey smile. I had an almost overpowering urge to hurt him as I felt the changes going through my body.

The osprey's tail feathers poked out first before everything, which sent everyone except Ax into a fit of laughter.

"Very funeryth vouer shryz....." I said as my beak emerged and I lost the ability to speak.

Very funny you guys > I clarified.

I looked over to see Jake finishing his Peregrine Falcon morph.

Are you ready, oh fearless leader? > I snickered.

Of course. C'mon. Lets get this over with. Tobias? Lets haul birdie butt! >

Yippee > Tobias said with fake enthusiasm.

We took off and caught some thermals, being careful to stay a bit apart. We didn't want to attract attention.

Okay, fith street, third house on the right...There! > Tobias swooped down towards the large blue house with a beautiful back yard and pool. I could

> see Nimue, practicing marching and playing her saxophone. She was the drum major of the High School Band, so it was no surprise. After a minute,
 she looked at her watch and stopped, then went inside her house. We fluttered from window to window, looking in each until we found her room just

> in time to see her run in and put the saxophone in it's case.
<p>

She turned towards the closet and opened it. It looked like any normal 12th grade girl's closet. Cloths, shoes, and a few stuffed toys. She seemed to

> push the clothing aside and then the back of the closet just disappeared. I could hear faint screams from below. The yeerk pool. Nimue closed her
 eyes and seemed to swallow, and a tear fell from her eye.

She seemed to be watching something below. After a few minutes, a guy I know, Kenny, stepped out of her closet. He smiled at her and bowed.

"Kenny's coming out of the closet!" Nimue snickered.

Kenny laughed.

"Greetings Visser Thirteen. May the Kandrona shine and strengthen you."

"Ditto." she smiled and quickly shut the hidden door or hologram. Whatever.

Kenny shimmered and then was a Hork-Bajir. I was, needless to say, surprised. Kenny had always been at school. The hologram he used must have
> taken up tremendous power. <p>

Nimue sat down behind a desk and grinned at the Hork-Bajir.

"So, how's my little blue friend down there?" she smirked.

"Mad as ever, I'm afraid. He morphed a varnex and threatened me yesterday. He knows I work for you."

"If he even so much as looks at you funny, I'll have his Andalite tail for a hat. And I will inform the council of thirteen of this as well. He is a tyrant that
> needs to be back on the homeworld in a little forgotten pool with all the other criminals." <p>

"Yes, Visser."

"So, what else have you heard?"

"Well, your friend Visser One will be coming to meet you tomorrow, as you know. But the word is that Visser Three may be planning to dispose of
> her. She was lucky to survive that last attack by the Andalite bandits." <p>

"Life is nothing but a game of luck."

"You've been watching Titanic, haven't you?"

Nimue laughed. It was so weird to watch her, at the time thinking that inside, the real Nimue was probably not laughing. It was hard for me then
> knowing that pretty, smart Nimue was a slug. <p>

But what bothered me most at the moment was knowing that my mother, Visser One, was coming. She was coming, and Visser Three was going to
> kill her! No! <p>

"Anyway, I will soon get a transmission from the Council of Thirteen. They are calling a meeting of all the Vissers and sub-Vissers. We will cover by
> saying we are going to a sharing meeting. We will each bring our most trusted troop, which means you." <p>

"I'm honored, Visser."

Nimue nodded and smiled.

The holographic image of Kenny shimmered back into place. I was confused. Was Kenny real, or was Kenny simply a hologram? Had this yeerk simply
> chosen to use Kenny's form? <p>

"I'll see you tomorrow at school, Visser."

So much for that question, I guess.

Nimue grinned.

"No you won't."

She gave an obviously fake cough and laughed.

Kenny smiled and returned to the closet.

For a moment, the screams were heard, and Nimue covered her ears. Then they stopped quite suddenly.

"I'm gonna go nuts." Nimue whispered to herself.

"Nimue, you home?"

She ran towards our window. We hadn't noticed Ryan coming!

Haul butt! > Jake screamed.

I made a mad dash, but my talon was caught. Nimue threw the window open to get some osprey flapping in her face.

"Hey Nimue, there's a bird on your window sill!!!"

Nimue stared at me, her mouth open. She grabbed a cardboard box and pushed it over me. I was tossed around for a few minutes, then I felt myself
> being dropped into a smooth empty box. <p>

"It's my cousin's pet falcon! Never mind it! Just a minute!"

She shook the box a bit.

"Well, my Andalite friend, you like to spy, do you? Don't worry, I'm not going to kill you. Be a good little bird for a minute. I'll be right back"

GUYS! She has me! Help! >

Marco! Don't say anything. We're gonna be there in a minute! I'm getting the others! > Jake, sounding distressed.

I heard Nimue shouting at Ryan.

"What are you doing here?"

"I wanna know if you wanna go out for a burger and a movie!"

"Okay, come back in an hour and I'll be ready!"

"Cool!"

I heard a car door slam and the sound of a sports car roaring away.

"Human males and their dating games. Will the fun ever stop?" she said to herself again.

I heard her walking towards me.

"Okay, little Andalite..." The cover of the box flew open and I could see again. The window was still open. I could make a dash for it.

"You're free to go, Andalite. Just tell me what you were doing outside my window. As if I already didn't know."

A trap! She would have someone track me!

Yeerk scum! >

"I swear, that's the only two words you Andalites know."

She sat back on her bed.

"Bug off. Shoo. I have no use for you. Until I take over the invasion force, I have no grudge against you. Your getting Visser Three steamed and in
> trouble, so that makes you my friend for now. But I warn you..."
<p>

She raised an eye brow at me.

"Don't think I'm as big a fool as Visser Three. I won't dilly-dally around and let you hurt my people. That's Visser Three's problem. He is loyal to no
> one. I give you a choice, Andalite. You can either work with me or against me. I know that I will be promoted, perhaps to Visser One, in a few days.
 Perhaps I'll be elected into the council of thirteen, since one of the council members has died, sad to say. And if I do become a member of the council
> of thirteen, there is no doubt that I could use my plan of making android hosts for my people instead of hosts and stop this war. But not without your
 help. I need you Andalites."

For what? > I said as coldly as I could.

She grinned.

"I need you to kill Visser Three. You kill him, and I stop this invasion. I free the Hork-Bajir and find them a new planet, since you arrogant jerks
> destroyed their beautiful world. We'll free all the other races. I bring peace to the galaxy." <p>

Why do you want US to kill him? >

"He killed several of my friends, he tried to kill me. He killed Elfangor, who was a friend of mine. That surprises you, no doubt. And I also want Alloran > dead, for what he did to Niuk the Hork-Bajir thinker. And all the Hork-Bajir. I want them DEAD!" <p>

My head was spinning. What to do? Was this a trick? It was too good to be true! This yeerk wanted peace? Or did she? Did she just want to trick me > and kill us all? Was she just trying to get us to do her dirty work? Who was Niuk? What did the Andalites do to the Hork-Bajir people? Would she
 spare my mom?

I won't kill a fellow Andalite. >

"All right. Then just kill Visser Three, if you must. That's all I ask. You have nothing to loose."

She was right. I had nothing to loose.

"All you have to do is morph one of your viscous earth animals and kill him. Simple and easy. Sneak up on him. He'll be vulnerable while he morphs. Oh, > and be careful, my friend. Visser Three knows that some of you are humans, and if he ever finds them, your all doomed. Protect your friends, you
 arrogant creature. These humans will not always be like this. If I stop this invasion, they'll be as advanced as you within the next decade. With a little > help from me." <p>

She winked.

I was feeling so confused and disgusted and scared. I needed to think. I needed to.....

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!!!!

Someone trying to knock down the door.

Marco! Hold on! >

> Stop it! I can escape! Don't hurt Nimue! > <p>

Nimue looked at the door with an edge of fear.

"Your friends are here to kill me."

I'll do it, you slug. And if you don't do what you said you would, I'll kill you AND "Kenny" >

Her eyes went wide with fear when I mentioned Kenny.

"Don't.....don't you dare." she whispered.

You have nothing to fear as long as you keep your end of the bargain. > I said coldly.

Jake, get out of there. > I said privately.

We're already demorphed and morphed into birds. Heading back to

Cassie's barn. Come on. >

I powered my wings away. I looked back after I'd gotten a good lift and joined the others. Nimue was at the window, with an expression of hope and
> sadness on her face. I knew then that she'd told the truth. She would live up to her end of the bargain if I lived up to mine.
<p>

Visser Three would die.

Chapter 3

"So...let me get this straight. We kill Visser Three, Visser Thirteen stops the invasion of Earth and possibly ALL the invasions. Sounds to good to be
> true. And whatever sounds to good to be true usually is."
<p>

Jake, Cassie, Ax, Tobias, and Rachel all stared at me. After I'd told them the tale, only Jake had been able to speak.

"It's a trap, no doubt." Ax said. He had morphed his strange human morph. He had acquired DNA from everyone except Tobias and somehow blended
> it to become a different person. It was weird because I could see parts of me in him. He had my hair. It was weird. <p>

"Look, what do we have to loose? If she lied, okay, we still destroy Visser Three. If she told the truth....."
> Jake let the sentence hang. <p>

"Why doesn't SHE kill Visser Three??"

"Probably because she wants a shot at being in the council of thirteen. Duh." Rachel snorted.

"She said to return tommorow during the day in whatever morph we choose. She will give us all the information we need to destroy Visser Three."

"Okay, then. We go in bird of prey morph. I will go ahead of everyone and make sure it isn't a trap. If the cost is clear, I'll call Marco and Ax. And if it's
> a trap, I'll call all of you. Did she say anything else, Marco?"
<p>

I paused. Should I tell them?

"She mentioned some Hork-Bajir....Niuk...."

Ax's response was immediate. His eyes widened in fear and surprise and he kinda gasped.

"She said that the Alloran did something terrible to him and the other Hork-Bajir, and that their world was destroyed."

Ax snorted and quickly returned to normal.

"Another yeerk lie. The Yeerks say we released a quantum virus on the

homeworld. But anyone with half a brain knows that it was the Hork-Bajir
> thinkers who did it. Them and their vile leader, Jalrai."
<p>

"Hork-Bajir thinkers?" Cassie asked, intrigued.

"They basically ran the planet before we came. They were extremely intelligent and only three survived the Hork-Bajir war. For a while, they
> cooperated with us. But then they didn't like the way we organized their armies, and they told us to leave. We didn't leave, but we did stay out of
 their way. If we had worked together, we would have won perhaps. But the thinkers knew nothing about fighting. After seeing the destruction, they
> set off a quantum virus, hoping to take out a few Yeerks and keep the few free hork-bajir left on the planet from being taken. They first tested it on a
 thinker traitor, one who wanted to work with us. Niuk. We found him, but it was too late to save him. He died after weeks of agony, slowly
> disintegrated. That's what a quantum virus does. The three who escaped, Jiseka, Daroneasa, and Jalrai were caught by the Yeerks. Jiseka was taken
 as a host, but Daroneasa and Jalrai escaped. No one knows what happened to Daroneasa, or if she's even still alive. But Jalrai is the most hunted
> creature in the universe. Every bounty hunter is after her, and both the Yeerks and my people want her, dead or alive." <p>

"Wow." I said simply.

Jake sighed.

"Ax, we understand that you don't trust Yeerks, but for once, lets at least try to make peace. If we don't try, we'll never be free. And you Andalites
> won't be able to stop the Yeerks if they get all the people on this planet. We have to try." <p>

Ax sighed.

"Yes, Prince Jake."

"Don't call me 'Prince'"

"Yes Prince Jake."

Ax seemed to smile an Andalite smile, but perhaps it was my imagination. I still wonder if Ax had a sense of humor. Maybe he did, but whatever he
> had, he later lost. Oh well, no use in wishing. Things now are so...so....confusing. I wonder how it happened. At what point Ax lost his last ounce of
 decency?

"All right, tommorow, we show up as birds around noon time, since Nimue will be home 'sick'. Marco, Rachel, and I will go up first. Then Ax and
> Cassie can come ahead if the coast is clear. No one attacks unless I say so." <p>

I saw Rachel give a small, frightening smile. I shuddered. At the

time I'd just thought that she was going to be trouble. Now I know.....I know what
> that smile really meant. <p>

Chapter four

The next day we all met in Cassie's barn after school. Jake quickly reviewed his plan, then it was time to go. Go to what would be the greatest act we
> ever did. <p>

I began the morph to osprey. Morphing really is creepy. After all this time, I'm still not used to it. My lips hardened and became a beak, feathers poked
> out of my body. And then I was falling! But not really. No, I was shrinking. <p>

My talons scrabbled at the straw, trying to find a foot hold. I finally stabilized. I watched as the others finished their morphs.

Lets go. >

Jake flapped his wings, and took off, flying out of the barn at top speed. I flapped my wings and flew after him.

It was a short fly to Nimue's house. As I approached, I saw her looking out the window anxiously, then at the floor. She was looking for an Andalite in
> morph. She looked very nervous, and kept glancing at her watch.
<p>

All right, Cassie and Ax, perch on that tree and wait until my signal. >

Yes, Prince Jake. >

Don't call me Prince. >

Yes Prince Jake. >

Jake, Rachel, and I swooped into the open window. Nimue jumped and looked uncertain for a moment, then smiled at us.

"Greetings, my Andalite friends. I suppose that you have more of your friends outside. If they aren't within hearing range, please ask them to get
> closer. All of you need to hear this." <p>

Can you guys hear her? >

Yes, Prince Jake. >

We can all hear you, Visser. >

"Good. Now, your friend no doubt told you what I told him. Tonight, the Vissers will all meet. I may be promoted. And I will almost certainly be put in
> charge of the assimilation of the human race. Now, this weekend, I will be going on a week long trip with some school children. Along

with my
 bodyguard, who is disguised as a human. The four human teenagers are Marco, Jake, Cassie, and Rachel. I tell you this because you may need to help > me protect them. The assistant principal, Chapman, is controlled by Iniss two two six of the sulp niar pool, Visser Three's lieutenant. He will surly try
 to destroy me, and the humans could be harmed as well."

> My head spun a little. She must have found out about this trip before us. It had been a school contest. <p>

"Now, as for Visser Three, I don't care how you kill him. He is vulnerable during that week because he will be taking a short break in the pool below.

> He has private chambers, to which I can give you special directions. There are no guards on the inside. Once you arrive, demorph and destroy him.
 Once Visser Three is dead, I can begin my plan.

When I do, I will first order a Yarhash, a meeting of all the Yeerks on Earth, in the yeerk pool below. All will leave their hosts. The hosts will be set > free. Then we will give them android hosts. I have about five million already made, and more in production. <p>

We will transport all our people to the mother ship, then we will leave. I will return first to the yeerk homeworld and destroy the council of thirteen.

> Then I will free all the other hosts. Hopefully you Andalites will allow me to make peace with you. What do you say?" <p>

Prince Jake, she's lying. >

Ax, we have to take a chance. Lets do it. >

Prince Jake... >

I've made up my mind Ax. >

Ax was silent for a moment. I wonder what he was thinking that moment. Oh what?

As you command, my prince. > he said, barely able to hide his anger.

Visser, we accept this mission of yours. We will meet you after the yeerk meeting and then you can tell us of any promotion you may get. >

Nimue smiled and nodded.

Rachel, Jake, and I flew away, joining Ax, Cassie, and Tobias.

I hope that this isn't a trap. > I muttered.

I do too. But like I said, we have to take that chance. >

We flew on through the sky, painted red by the setting sun. Red like the blood that would be shed in the days to come.

At night, we returned to Nimue's house in owl morph. She was in her

bed, sleeping. I tapped on the window to get her attention. She woke with a

> start, then saw us, and got up and opened the window. <p>

"I have been promoted to Visser One, Andalite friends. I am in charge of ALL the invasions. I will do as I said as soon as Visser Three is dead."

Good luck, Visser. > Jake said.

She smiled and closed the window again.

Jake and I glided away.

Jake, who will kill Visser Three? >

Ax will, Marco. It is Ax's duty. >

I was silent. Part of me was screaming. I had a terrible, awful feeling that something would happen. Perhaps I feared for Ax's life. But now I know

> what that feeling was. It was knowing that Ax's victory over Visser Three would change him. I was so blind. <p>

Chapter Five

Friday morning, Kenny, Nimue, Chapman, Jake, Cassie, Rachel, and I were on the bus to the mountain retreat. I lay back on my pillow across from

> Nimue. Even though we had taken the small bus, there was still room for us all to have our own seats. Nimue was looking out the window, probably
 thinking about what would happen in the days to come.

"Hey Nimue, 'sup?" I asked, just to make conversation.

"Not much, Marco." she said, not looking away from the window.

It was obvious that she was in no mood to talk.

After a long and really boring ride, we arrived at the cabins. There were four of them, each with two rooms.

"Okay, everyone," Chapman announced. "Each of you will have your own room and share the cabin with another person. No cooking without telling me.

> There is pop and frozen dinners in the refrigerator, Chips and cereal in the pantry, and plates and bowls in the cupboard. If you need anything else, ask
 me. Jake and Marco, you go to cabin two. Cassie and Rachel, you have cabin three, and Nimue and Kenny are in number four. I'll be in number one.

> Tomorrow morning, we'll go on a nature walk, okay? Any questions?" <p>

I raised my hand.

"Sir, request permission to share cabins with Nimue."

Nimue reached over and hit me rather hard and laughed.

"Permission denied, Marco." Chapman laughed.

"Sorry, freshman." Kenny said, giving me the evil eye.

We shuffled into our cabins.

"I guess that means that it's just you and me, sweetheart." Jake laughed.

"You shouldn't joke, Jake. You're never really funny." I said, and ran as fast as I could to my room.

That night, I was awakened by the sound of screams. I jumped out of bed as fast as I could and ran to wake Jake.

"Jake! Something is wrong! Get up!"

Jake shot up and was out of bed within seconds. We ran outside to see Nimue and Chapman, circling each other, looks of hatred on their faces.

> Rachel and Cassie stood at their cabins, looking mesmerized.
<p>

"Get back, humans. This creature knows your secret. He's going to tell Visser Three."

Nimue gave us a warning glance.

I didn't know what to do. I thought about morphing....but no, I couldn't. What if Chapman was trying to bluff us out? Or was that what Visser

> Thirteen was doing? <p>

Nimue leaped at Chapman, he leaped at her. It was an impossible fight. A teenage girl against a full grown man. Chapman was choking her! She kicked

> him in the stomach and turned, holding his head back with her hand. She pulled out a small vile of blue liquid and pulled out the cork with her teeth. <p>

"Now, Iniss Two Two Six, you die!"

"NOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!"

She poured the liquid in his ear and then fell back. She crawled back towards Jake and I as Chapman convulsed. She stood, looking uncertain at the

> body. A gray, shriveled yeerk drained out of Chapman's ear after a few minutes. Nimue seemed sickened by the sight, doubled over and began to
 throw up.

Rachel walked towards Chapman and looked at him and the yeerk.

"He's alive. He's just unconscious. The yeerk is still alive, too....but not for long."

She stepped on the yeerk, making it shoot yellow puss-like goo everywhere. Rachel looked very satisfied with the mess she'd made.

Nimue looked at us, finally able to stop vomiting.

"Yeerk toxin. I wouldn't wish it on anyone, but it was necessary to free Chapman without killing him. He will be asleep for the next twenty-four hours.

> He had figured out your secret, and he was coming to kill me and report you four. Although.....there were six of you. You must have two Andalites
 with you."

"Thanks, Visser Thirteen."

She smiled a weak uncertain smile and held out her hand to Jake. He took it in his and smiled.

"An alliance dedicated to freedom, between me, and your group." She said.

Jake nodded.

> It was an awe inspiring site. I would give anything to be able to go back with a camera. Two of the five greatest heroes in the galaxy, making that
 alliance. I had no idea at the time what that alliance was. How important it would be.

For three days, we searched for Kenny before we found him. Chapman had trapped him in a cave. We dug the rocks away from the entrance of the

> cave until Nimue and the rest of us could enter. Inside, we found Kenny, his hologram down. <p>

"Oh god..." Nimue cried.

The Hork-Bajir was in convulsions, death throws. The host was dying too.

He looked up at Nimue with those red Hork-Bajir eyes.

"Visser....." he moaned.

Nimue knelt beside him and held him as best she could.

"It's okay....shhhh....I'm here....I'm here...." she choked between tears.

"I....I....never told you...I love you...." he said, tears streaming from his eyes.

"I knew....I knew....I love you too..."

The Hork-Bajir smiled and died. I turned away as Nimue let out a moaning cry. Of all the things I remember about Visser Thirteen, I remember her

> most because of that day. That fateful day. <p>

The Hork-Bajir died along with the yeerk, and we buried them next to a beautiful water fall. Nimue looked down at the grave and then at me.

"No matter what happens Marco, you can't forget right and wrong. You can't forget compassion or love. If you do, you'll be as terrible as

Visser

> Three. He was once a fairly decent person. Ambitious yes, and quite ruthless at times. But before he tasted glory, he was the nicest person I knew.
 He is my brother. I remember when he and I took our first hosts. From the very beginning, he wanted more. He wanted an Andalite. And somehow,
> when he tasted power and glory, he lost all notion of love or decency, and became the monster he is today." <p>

I was surprised. I couldn't imagine Visser Three ever being anything but a monster. But I've since learned that a person who is good and decent can

> become a tyrant.
 Marco, it's me, Aximili. I'm ready to hunt down Visser Three. >

> Ax's voice was full of fear. I'm sure he thought he was going to die. <p>

"Go on, Marco. I'll go back to my house. Meet me after Aximili destroys Visser Three.

She looked at Ax.

"Good luck, Andalite."

Ax didn't say anything. He just nodded to her and began to morph to an owl. I morphed my wolf and left with Jake and the others back towards

> civilization. We left Visser Thirteen to mourn for her love.
<p>

Chapter six

In the hell of the yeerk pool, I weaved in and out of corridors. It had been enlarged since we'd been there.

Okay, take a left here. The third room down should be it... >

Jake sounded anxious. I could understand that. This would be the end of Visser Three, our greatest enemy. Or it could be the end of our friend,

> Aximili. <p>

I turned scurried my little roach legs into the room. I heard Visser Three breathing. He was asleep. Ax demorphed and stood, ready to battle. He looked

> brave, but he was also trembling like a leaf. <p>

Visser Three! Wake up! It's time to die! > He shouted bravely.

Visser Three woke with a sudden start.

ANDALITE! How? Never mind.....it is YOU who will die! >

The Visser pulled out a dracon beam and fired. Ax jumped aside and powered his tail forward. It knocked the dracon beam out of the Visser's hand.

AAAAHHHHH!!!!!! >

The Visser's tail shot towards Ax! Ax blocked the blow, and for a moment, their tails were locked. Ax and the Visser circled each other, face to face,
> each with an expression of pure hatred. <p>

Visser Three struck! His blade sunk into Ax's arm, making it spray greenish blue blood.

GAHHHHHHHH!!!! > Ax cried with sudden fury, and shot his tail at the Visser.

Slow motion.....one of only two times I ever actually saw Ax's tail in a fight.....

His tail struck the Visser in the chest, slicing him open and exposing his heart and lungs.

FWAP! Again, this one hitting him in the head, slicing it open!

The Visser fell, gasping for air.

Nonononono... > Visser moaned.

Yes, Visser Three! My brother's death has been avenged! > Ax crowed.

Visser looked up at him, all the hate gone from his eyes.

Yes...yes it has, hasn't it? > And then Visser Three died.

Ax stood with a smug look on his face, his tail stained with the blood of the Andalite. Suddenly, I was afraid of Ax...so afraid...

Ax morphed a cockroach quickly and we ran as the Hork-Bajir piled into the room.

"The Visser has been killed!!!" several of them shouted.

I ran ahead of the others. I wanted away from Ax! I wanted out of the Yeerk pool!

Out out out!

I shot up the stairs and into a room full of light. Nimue's room.

The others bolted in after me and we demorphed.

Nimue smiled at us sadly.

"So, Visser Three is dead?"

I killed him with my own tail. > Ax said proudly.

Nimue flinched and then turned to Ax. But she said nothing, she only gave him a resentful look. I knew then what would happen to her.

Maybe not that

> night, or even that decade. Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthill would kill her too. The destruction of Visser Three was a turning point for Ax.

He wanted to be his
 brother so badly. To be remembered as more than just Elfangor's little brother. He wanted to be great. And he would be. Oh yes, he would be.

"Morph quickly. They will be up to inform me of the Visser's death."

We wasted no time morphing to birds, and then we left. That was the last time I saw Visser Thirteen for many years.

Chapter 7

A few days later, I walked through the halls at school. It was a typical boring day.

I had noticed, though, some kids wondering around, looking kinda weird. Stumbling over themselves and dropping things, like they had really awful
> coordination or something. Of course. They had been controllers that were freed. They weren't used to walking or moving by themselves. <p>

Suddenly, I saw Nimue, tripping her way through the hall towards me. She stopped and smiled.

"Hey there Nimue." I said.

She just reached over and hugged me.

"Marco...thank you Marco...." she said, sniffing. A few people stopped and watched. I wasn't even slightly embarrassed. A few of them who stopped
> understood all too well why she was hugging me. <p>

"What happened?" I asked.

She wiped the tears from her eyes and smiled at me. I was unused to her smiling that way. Visser Thirteen's smile was much more.....how do I
> describe a smile? More knowing? Deeper? <p>

All that and more.

"I'll talk to you at lunch, Marco. I'll tell you everything then, okay?"

I nodded and smiled. I was so happy. Relief flooded over me. I could relax a bit. Good times were beginning, so I thought. What a fool I was. A
> complete, utter fool. <p>

At lunch, Jake, Cassie, Rachel, Nimue, and I sat together at a table in the back of the cafeteria.

"Nice to see you again, Nimue." Jake said, taking a bite of his hamburger.

Nimue smiled.

"Tell us now, please, what happened. How long have you been free?"

"A little over an hour. Your brother will be along soon. They're almost done down there by now. I was the first to be freed."

Jake nearly choked.

"Tom is free?!"

"By now, yes. And I have even better news, my friends." she smiled and leaned closer to us.

"Visser Thirteen and all the other Yeerks will take off, all in android hosts, back to the yeerk homeworld, which has little defense once you enter the
> atmosphere. She plans to destroy the evil Council of Thirteen and take over the empire, forcing all the other Vissers into submission. She will make
 everyone take electronic hosts. Now, she's already found a planet without intelligent life for the Hork-Bajir to live on, since their world is no longer
> hospitable. She has contacted Earth's press and sent them all they need to know about the story, and enough people will come forward about it. By
 then, the Andalites will have arrived. The Star Cruiser is nearing the planet as we speak. She has also contacted them, and their leader has agreed to
> form an alliance with us, perhaps." <p>

She sat back, grinning from ear to ear.

We were all awe struck. All the controllers free? The Andalites would form an alliance with us? Visser Thirteen reigning benevolently over her people
> and using electronic hosts? It was awesome....spell binding. To much to take in at one time. <p>

At that moment, the ground began to shake mildly, like a small earthquake. We looked out the window to see a bug fighter and a blade ship taking off,
> then they simply disappeared, cloaked so that human aircraft would not threaten them. I barely noticed the other students, screaming and yelling and
 pointing at the strange craft. Visser Thirteen had told the truth. The Yeerks were gone from Earth. No yeerk would ever see Earth again after that.

Jake put a trembling hand on my shoulder. I looked back to see a boy, probably a junior, walking shakily towards us. Tom.

Jake looked like he was going to pass out. Tom reached us and smiled.

"How's it going, Midget?" he said. Jake just grabbed him and hugged him tight, like if he let Tom go, he might be gone again.

Tom was surprised, obviously. He had no idea that Jake had known. When they finally stopped hugging, I noticed that several people were staring.

Jake and Tom didn't really seem to notice them, though.

"You knew, Jake?" Tom choked.

Jake nodded, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Yes...I knew." he said, smiling.

Tom looked around finally. Nimue stepped up next to him and nodded. Nimue and Tom got up on the little platform used for school meetings, as kids

> approached to hear them. <p>

"Hey, everyone! Shut up and listen!" Tom yelled.

The whole room became very very quiet.

" We know what that ship was. Many of you in this room know. Millions of people know what it is and what has been happening for a few years. You

> can ask anyone you trust, and they will probably tell you it's true. Any one of your friends or perhaps your mother or father or siblings" Tom drew a
 deep breath.

"For the past five years, Earth has been being invaded silently by a species of parasitic slug-like aliens called Yeerks..."

A few kids burst out laughing.

"You are insane, Jake. You've gone off your rocker!" cried Josh, the schools smart-aleck. His girlfriend, Heather looked at him angrily.

"No, Josh, he's not. It's true." She turned to look at Tom and Nimue.

"The Yeerks are real. You'll never convince me they aren't. I've been their slave for three years. I could see and hear, I could taste and feel, but I

> couldn't move on my own. Couldn't talk or move even my eyes. The Yeerk in by brain took complete control. It could open my memories and thoughts
 like a computer file. It laughed at me when I begged it to leave my head silently. We humans weren't the only targets. There were the Hork-Bajir, > frightening to look at, but gentle until the Yeerks came and enslaved them. It's all true." <p>

Everyone would believe Heather in an instant. She's the kind of person you just trust.

Tom nodded to her.

"Any of you who were slaves to them, step forward. Don't be shy."

Slowly, about a hundred kids stepped towards Tom. Chapman and about ten teachers also stepped forward.

"See? Even assistant principal Chapman was one of them. Several teachers, too. It'll be on the news, and everyone will know within twenty four hours.

> Their new leader is a good Yeerk named Visser Thirteen. She has freed all hosts. <p>

Nimue was her host. She has freed us all, and forced her people to take electronic hosts. She will go back and take complete control and the Yeerks
> will no longer have to enslave creatures to be free themselves."
<p>

The entire room was abuzz. Those who were controllers, however, were still silent, many of them crying.

"The Andalites fight the Yeerks. They are a strange looking, and slightly arrogant, but good hearted, proud race. They will be here within weeks to start
> an alliance with us. We will achieve space flight and all that good stuff. We will go to the stars with them. Perhaps the world will be united in peace
 then."

The entire room was silent. Everyone knew it was the truth.

I felt tears rolling down my cheeks. The first time I'd cried since my mother had died. They weren't tears of sadness, though. They were tears of
> overwhelming joy. It was over... the Yeerks were gone, and we would unite with the Andalites. <p>

And Tom was right. We would unite with those Andalites, and we would be great. Oh yes, we would.

Chapter 8

For the next few weeks, the news of the Yeerks and Andalites spread around the world. Surprisingly, it was widely accepted by everyone, not just
> former slaves. A month later, the Andalites came. <p>

To my surprise, it was Prince Galluit who arrived. We were called by the president to meet them, since we had met before and we had been the only
> resistance to the Yeerks for two years. <p>

We actually met them on the whitehouse lawn. The Andalites stepped off the ship gracefully, putting their hooves on Earth's green grass, some
> seeming slightly mesmerized by it. <p>

Prince Galluit turned to Jake.

Hello again, Prince Jake. I am glad to see that you and your friends survived. Very glad. The Leeran world was saved long before the Yeerks left,
> thanks to you. > <p>

Jake smiled at him.

"Thank you, Prince Galluit."

The presidents of all the countries of the world were there, all of them for once not fighting. Peace at last.

Jake looked at the leaders.

"These are the leaders of Earth. These are our "war-princes" you might say. All of them have signed a treaty of peace, and even though it will take a
> while, Earth will endeavor to stop war, crime, and disease. We are not as advanced as you yet, but we hope to be some day." <p>

Prince Galluit seemed to salute the leaders. Everyone knew what he meant.

Greetings, then, Princes. >

The leaders didn't quite know what to say. The site of a blue, half centaur, half human with a scorpion tail and stalk eyes saluting them must have
> been just slightly strange to them. Slightly. <p>

Greetings, people of Earth. We are the Andalites, dedicated to riding the galaxy of the evil yeerk slugs. On this planet and the planet Leera however,
> it has been proven that it is these five young humans who are also capable of saving worlds. If just five of your children can accomplish so much,
 then I believe that we must make a pact, dedicated to freedom. The Yeerks will rise again to attack once they've built in power. Only by uniting will
> we survive. Do you agree? > <p>

The leaders nodded and shouted "Yes!" in their own languages.

Good. May we fight and win! >

The crowd and the leaders cheered. The Andalites looked satisfied with themselves. And we animorphs, giddy with relief, believed that this was the
> end. This was it. We were home free. Wrong...wrong again.
<p>

Chapter 9

Four years later.

I sat aboard my little ship, the shrimp. I guess I was a bit silly when I named it, but oh well. I was watching the daily news, in a way, when the
> message blared across the screen. An Andalite face appeared, looking triumphant but serious. <p>

Today, the Andalite dome ship Galaxy Tree, under the command of Prince Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthil lead an attack on the Yeerk homeworld. >
> I jumped out of my seat, spewing coffee and pancake syrup everywhere. I didn't care about the mess. I was panicked.
<p>

"WHAT!?" I screeched.

The entire planet was destroyed, and only one yeerk is known to have survived. >

I felt numb. They led an unprovoked attack on the Yeerks. And now,

more than likely, my friend Visser Thirteen, empress of the empire, was dead.

> They had converted to funny little android hosts and were benevolent, trying desperately to make right what they had made wrong. They had found a
 world for the Hork-Bajir and made freed all the hosts. They had made peace with everyone except the Humans, Andalites, and the Skrit Na. So why?
> Why had the Andalites done this? <p>

Their leader, known as Visser Thirteen, has escaped to an ally's planet, the K'glique, who were just recently discovered. The Andalites and the

> humans have declared war on them, and it is expected that the Skrit Na will as well. > <p>

The Andalite looked a bit uncertain for a moment, then breathed deeply.

All human males over the age of 18 and all Andalite males over the age of 25 are to report to the Andalite home world as soon as possible. A

> transport will come to Earth for passengers. The Animorphs, Prince Jake, Rachel, Marco, Cassie, and Prince Tobias are to report to the Galaxy tree in
 the K'glique system immediately. >

I was powering my ship up before the Andalite even had the words out of his head. I had to stop this madness! I didn't know how I would do it, but I'd
> try. <p>

I punched into maximum burn, set my headings, and zoomed towards the K'glique world, hoping to prevent certain disaster.

Chapter 10

I came out of Z-space a few million miles from the K'glique world. I sat back, glad to be in real space again, because, well, I just don't like Z-space, I
> guess. <p>

But I shouldn't have started relaxing, for at that moment, I nearly crashed into another small fighter.

I grabbed the controls and served into another fighter's path. Swerve! Finally, I found my bearings and got out of everyone's way.

"Why don't you learn how to fly, you Bozo!?!?!" screeched a female human's voice over the com-link. A familiar voice.

"Is that you, Rachel?"

"Yeah, it's me, Marco. You bozo." She laughed and continued to pilot towards the K'glique world.

"Rachel and I are going to teach you how to fly some day." Jake teased from the other fighter.

"Oh yeah?" I laughed, swerving playfully at Jake's fighter.

Marco, fly straight. This is no time for human comedy. > Aximili snapped. I checked my sensors. There were only a few dozen Andalite dome ships
> behind me. <p>

Only a few dozen.

"Oh....um....hi Ax."

I'm glad your here, Marco. Your just in time to help us in our first strike against the K'glique. We would request that you, Rachel, and Prince Jake go
> down to inspect the planet first, though. > <p>

"Sure thing, Ax-man." Jake said.

"Insect morphs, you guys. Land your ships in sector 20-A, and keep it cloaked. Locate, morph birds, and find the enemy base. Once there, demorph,
> then morph insects. Clear?" <p>

"Sir yes sir!" I yelled in a marine voice.

"You got it, Jake." Rachel said. Her voice was silky and dangerous. She knew she'd see some action.

Chapter 11

We landed on the desert like planet. The only plants that grew were short, strange trees, spread sparsely throughout the rocky terrain. I climbed out
> of my ship and activated the cloaking shield. I looked around. About half a mile away, Jake and Rachel were just finishing their landing. I began to walk
 towards them.

When I finally met up with them, Jake and Rachel were arguing over which insect they would morph.

"Cockroach! They're faster and smaller!"

"They're also weak, can hardly hear, and are not native to this world." Jake growled, picking up a rather large beetle-like creature. It was beautiful, for
> a bug. <p>

"The K'glique are insects. They will not be as likely to harm another insect."

Rachel threw up her hands and made a snorting sound.

"Fine!" she growled.

I sighed. Jake and Rachel had gotten to the point that they argued about everything in the four years since the Andalites came. You'd swear they were
> married. <p>

I reached for the insect and began to acquire it. It was one of the few animals that didn't go limp when acquired. It scabbled it's legs like mad, and it

> was all I could do to concentrate and acquire the darn thing. Next, Jake and Rachel acquired it, finding the process just as difficult as I did. <p>

"Jeez, stupid bug." Rachel muttered, setting it down after she had acquired it.

Jake nodded.

"Yeah, this might be a difficult morph. We know nothing about this planet and it's creatures. But we don't have time to find out. Morph birds."

I began immediately, feeling the chang>
> <p>

Transfer interrupted!

ened and split into a three part shell, and my legs shrank to nearly nothing. Long antenna sprouted from my head and I felt my entire body grow that

> blue exo-skeleton. My eyes did not turn to compound eyes at all. They seemed to create a negative image of everything. Finally, I was the insect of the
 K'glique world. We call them Kavish beetles now. The Kavish brain was calm and, to my surprise, rather intellegent. Perhaps as smart as a chimp. It's
> hearing was excellent, and it's sight was like that of a hawks, except for the negative coloring. I tested my legs. They were sticky and covered with
 spikes. Some part of the Kavish knew that the spikes could secrete poison when the insect was threatened. I made some clicking noises with my
> mouth, then I heard a strange voice in my head. <p>

You change. You not Alien. You Kavish. >

AHHH!!! What was that?! > Jake yelled.

But I knew what it was. It was the Kavish we had acquired. I turned my eyes to look at it. It was standing still, possibly afraid or surprised.

What are you? >

I am Gashnor-Kavish. You smell like me and look like me. You change from ugly alien. You speak like me. >

Ugly? > I said, as if that was my biggest problem at the moment. Jake looked at the Kavish beetle with huge bug eyes.

We are copies of you. We didn't realize you were a sentient creature.
>

What Sentient? > The bug cocked it's head in a very human manner.

Smart. > Jake clarified.

> Semi-smart, anyway. > I whispered to Jake. <p>

The bug looked uncertain.

Okay. Goodbye, and beware of the Jarnth birds and the K'glique.
>

What will they do? >

Jarnth birds eat Kavish. K'glique capture Kavish for pets. Kind, but don't like being caged. >

The bug's words confused me a bit, but I didn't have time to worry about that, for at that moment, a large, featherless creature dropped down upon
> him, carrying him into the sky! <p>

AHHHH!!! > He screamed.

I watched as the bird gulped him down. I felt a bit sick, and very sorry for the poor insect. But the bird was coming back! NO!

DEMORPH! > Jake screamed.

I demorphed as fast as I could, but the bird's talons caught me, only twice as big as a normal Kavish, and I wouldn't have time to demorph before the
> monster ate me! <p>

Higher and higher the creature flew. The atmosphere was thin! I couldn't breathe! What was the bird doing?

Suddenly, the bird could no longer hold me as I grew, and I felt myself falling. I was human!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! > I screamed to no one. I began to morph my osprey morph, but would I have time? The ground was rushing up to hit

> me! For once in my life, I controlled the morphing. I wanted to be small, and I wanted wings! I was bird size, with my arms turning into wings and my
 back legs turning into talons! I spread my partly formed wings and managed to slow my decent. I was still too heavy and too human to fly! Almost to the
> ground, then... <p>

WHHHOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!!!

I felt my belly scrape the surface of the ocean.

Ocean?

I flapped my wings harder, raising myself to about a mile above the water. I looked around, expecting to see the mountains and the desert where my
> friends were. But no...nothing but an island, with large buildings and large insects moving in and out of them.
<p>

SWWWIIIISSHHHHHH!!!!

Andalite fighters zoomed overhead, shooting fire at the city. Buildings and insects burst into flame! A stray shot hit me in the wing, and then I was

> tumbling for the ground! I was going to die this time. No time to demorph. Only the ground racing up to hit me. <p>

Suddenly, I simply stopped. Something was holding me gently. I opened my eyes and began breathing again to see a Hork-Bajir female staring at me.

> She was strange, with long golden hair and brown skin, and she wore human garments. She stared at me for a moment in curiosity, but then began to
 shoot at the Andalite ships, with me still in her other hand.

"Andalite, I'm sorry for this, but I cannot allow your friends to destroy mine." She said as she shot down the two Andalite fighters. She put her gun

> away then looked over at a K'glique. I followed her gaze. He was looking over a ruined building, with smaller K'glique lying everywhere, laying lifeless.
 He was crying, I guess.

"You andalites killed his students. My god..They were just children!" Daroneasa whispered, fury seething from her. I felt awful as I watched the

> K'glique teacher. He seemed to get a look of hate in his insect eyes, then grabbed the gun away from the Hork-Bajir. <p>

DWERASH ANDALITES! > He screeched, shooting down the last Andalite ship. The ship crashed into the shore, and several K'glique ran for it, no

> doubt to destroy the Andalites inside. The female Hork-Bajir headed for the K'glique who had shot down the fighter. <p>

"Milkaan, I have captured an Andalite. I will take him to the base."

Yes. Yes, take that....monster to the base. I will be there shortly to determine his fate, Daroneasa. >

Daroneasa looked alarmed, but only nodded. She placed me in a metal box so that I couldn't demorph and began to carry me towards a large building.

"So Andalite, you and your kind will enlist the humans and the Skrit Na as allies with your lies to kill the K'glique and the Yeerks as you nearly destroyed

> my people? I warn you, when we fought the war with the Yeerks, we fought it with you too. We know how you think. Maybe you could defeat one
 primitive species, but now we're more advanced. You won't be able to beat us without a fight. We have sided with the K'glique and the Taxxons may

> help us to avenge the death of the Yeerks, who had made peace. No matter, Milkaan will deal with you, you vile, moralizing, arrogant monster." <p>

I was afraid. Afraid of Milkaan. Because I knew that the Andalites had destroyed something dear to him, and now he wanted revenge. And I still fear

> anyone who has loved and lost. They are more frightening than any Yeerk visser or evil Andalite war-prince could ever be. <p>

In the small room that I was in, I could see no escape. I could see Milkaan and Daroneasa as well as a Taxxon standing there looking at me. They were

> all talking, but I couldn't understand them. The glass or whatever they used was soundproof. I could see an Andalite warrior lying on his side on the
 other side of the room. His blue fur was caked with blood, and his stomach was sliced open. I could see that he was barely breathing, and his tail had

> been cut off, perhaps in the wreck. Two Hork-Bajir were standing next to him, one a male, similar to Daroneasa, stood next to him trying to comfort
 him, I guess. It was Jiseka, who had been freed after Visser Thirteen took over. I felt awful. The andalites had lead an unprovoked attack, and I helped

> them! Why did I do it? Look at what we had caused...and still, the Hork-Bajir were kind. <p>

Andalite, demorph. > Milkaan commanded.

We need you to help your friend here, or he will die. >

It looked to me like he would die anyway, but I couldn't stand by and take that chance. I demorphed.

The three aliens seemed surprised when they saw a human demorphing. But Daroneasa recognized me.

"Marco the Animorph?!" She said, her jaw hanging open. I didn't know what to say, really. I just knew that I was surrounded by enemies and that one

> of my allies was dying. But I couldn't leave my cell. <p>

"You said if I demorphed, you'd let me help the Andalite." I growled.

"Quite right." Daroneasa nodded, punching a few buttons on the panel next to her. The force field dropped and I stepped through. I rushed over to the

> wounded Andalite. He was almost gone. There was no way to save him. <p>

I shot down his ship. He bombed my school and killed my students. Or at least his friend did. I...I didn't want this. > Milkaan said sadly.

I wasn't paying much attention to him. The Andalite looked up at me, gasping for air.

I'm going to die, right? > He asked, fear in his eyes.

It was obvious that he was not very old. An Aristh, no doubt. I felt Daroneasa standing over me, trying to help as much as she could. But no one could

> help the Andalite. <p>

I didn't know what to say to him. In the old western movies, the hero just says something kind and then the kid dies. But that's not real life.

I blinked back tears as the young warrior breathed his last. I decided then why I hated war so much. There were no good guys. There

were no bad

> guys. In war, it all blends together. <p>

Daroneasa put her hand on my shoulder gently. A few minutes ago, she was my enemy. But I knew then that Daroneasa the Hork-Bajir would not be

> an enemy to me. But I would fight her. And she knew the same thing. Another terrible price in war, I guess. <p>

You have to fight someone you know has just as much a right to fight as you. You cannot feel superior or even truly justify what your doing. You can

> only hope for victory, and even that does not dull the pain. <p>

Milkaan looked at me gently. And even the Taxxon seemed to do the same. Two insect species, so different, one benevolent and one war-like. But

> wasn't that almost what a yeerk was? Just an insect? <p>

Never. And the Taxxons and the K'glique weren't either.

I'm sorry for the loss of your ally. >

" I...I understand. Now, what will you do with me?"

I will let you go back to your people. We K'glique are not bloodthirsty creatures, like the Andalites and, sometimes, you humans. >

I was a bit offended, but not much. I kept glancing at the Taxxon, wondering how he had kept his control, not eating the wounded Andalite. The

> Taxxon swiveled it's jelly like eyes towards me. <p>

You wonder why I ally with the K'glique and resist my hunger? >

Andalite thought speak! But...how? Why?

I am Arbron. I'm a nothlit, and have been since the Taxxon's were dominated by the Yeerks. I know your story, and I knew Elfangor. I fought for the

> Andalites, then I fought for the mountain Taxxons, resisting the Yeerks. Now, I fight for right. I fight against my own people. > <p>

Daroneasa smiled weakly.

"I am Daroneasa. No doubt you've heard of me. I lead the secret attack against the Andalites in the Hork-Bajir war. Me and the last of the Hork-Bajir

> thinkers. We thinkers lived below ground, basically. We gathered bark, but were careful to stay hidden from the normal Hork-Bajir. We were rejects
 when the Arn created the Hork-Bajir. Too smart. They wanted stupid creatures to simply tend the trees. We were destroyed, mostly. But some of us

> escaped. Another throw-back is that we live longer than Andalites. We learned to fight. The only other Hork-Bajir who were smarter than us were the
 seers, like Dak Hamee. We studied science, so that

one day we would take control of our own planet. Then we Hork-Bajir would advance. We would

> undo the damage that the Arn did. But then, they also created us. We owe them that much. But they have tortured us as well. They were an arrogant,
 cruel race. We only battled them, kept them from hurting our less intelligent brothers and sisters, and tried to fight the abominations that they

> created to prowl the deep and kill unfortunate Hork-Bajir who ventured to far towards their home. But then, the Yeerks and the Andalites came. We
 learned early on about the Andalites' plan. We were still careful not to let the leader of the Hork-Bajir, a seer, who was similar to us in many ways

> mentally, to see us. A seer is different than a thinker in that they look just about the same as another Hork-Bajir and they are born from normal
 parents. Only one is born for each generation. Dak Hamee was intelligent, by most standards, but he could not hope to win that war. Neither could

> we. But we both tried anyway. The last of us, Jiseka, Jalrai, and myself, managed to escape. There must always be thinkers to protect the people.
 Jiseka is the one you saw attending to the Andalite. and Jalrai has disappeared. She seems to have lost some of her protective instincts. Jiseka and I

> remember life before the Yeerks and before the Andalites. Before them, there were the Arn. And trust me, if you ever want to fight a species, the last
 would be the Arn and their abominations, their monsters. Like us. We are also monsters."

Daroneasa sighed heavily, catching her breath. She spoke quickly, and in perfect Galard. The chip in my brain processed Galard instantly. She was

> embarrassed, outraged, upset. My brain was having trouble processing this, and I didn't understand all of what she said. What were the Arn exactly?
 Hork-Bajir were simply bio-engineered creatures? I was fascinated, and I listened to Daroneasa's tale with glazed over eyes, like a child listening to an <p> > acient myth. <p>

"I joined these two because I know that if we do not fight, we will be annihilated, along with any other species who the Andalites happen to dislike. I

> know that you cannot join us human. Our two species will become enemies. They already are. But you and I can be friends, if you so wish." <p>

I nodded, not really understanding much. But I knew one thing: War was coming, like a black cloud. And the lives of these leaders and their people

> would be snuffed out. And I would help do it. <p>

Chapter 13

For three years, a bloody, terrible war raged on between the two sides. The Andalites, Humans, and Skrit Na, with our advanced technology, and the

> K'glique, Taxxons, and Hork-Bajir. <p>

Early in the war, Arbron was killed. Jake and Cassie had a son, Desmond. But Jake was in the war, and hardly got to see him. Cassie stayed on Earth,

> where it was safe. Jake, Rachel, Tobias, and I continued to help

Aximili destroy our enemies. Jake proved to be a valuable asset to the Andalites, not
 exactly to his delight. Rachel, however, loved the war. She loved the action and the feeling of destroying an enemy just as much as Aximili did. It was
> scary. <p>

The Andalites led the final attack on the K'glique world in the third year. They were weak, and nearly annihilated, like the Taxxons and the Hork-Bajir.

> The Andalites had destroyed the planet Visser Thirteen had made for the Hork-Bajir, so now all were either fighting, hiding, or cruising the galaxy.
 When Jake and Rachel found me after I went back to the ship, I told them and then Aximili of what I'd seen. Rachel seemed nearly unaffected, except
> that she wanted more violence. Jake was deeply troubled, but he knew he would fight alongside Aximili. <p>

Aximili led the next, ruthless attack, and killed Arbron. The bloody war raged for years, and that final day, I was fighting. I had a large plasma weapon,
> and was running around like mad, killing Hork-Bajir, K'glique, and Taxxons. I didn't stop to think much about it at the time. <p>

I saw a flash of blond hair as Daroneasa cut down an Andalite a few yards away from me. I was surprised that she was fighting, but then I saw
> Milkaan, looking sullen as he killed a human. They both knew this was the end. If they went, they would go in a blaze of glory.
<p>

Suddenly, a green, winged creature, like the one from that gargoyle show that used to be on TV, appeared out of no where. She had a beak and short
> blond hair and wore human clothing. She looked around, startled. I was extremely confused, but had no time to think about it much. Daroneasa ran
 towards here screaming: "Sister! Run!"

The creature seemed to recognize Daroneasa, but then she disappeared again, leaving Daroneasa looking puzzled as well.

Marco! Behind you! >

I turned, hit my trigger, and blew up a K'glique warrior, splattering yellow goo all over the place.
> "Thanks Ax!" I screamed. <p>

Aximili had been promoted to the rank of War-Prince, and was one of the most powerful creatures in the galaxy. He was fighting for the glory. And he
> saw Milkaan, holding two pulse rifles, both blaring, chewing up all humans, Andalites, and Skrit Na in his path. At that moment he knew it was his
 chance for more glory. He pointed his dracon beam at Milkaan and shot him at nearly point blank range. The beam hit him in the abdomen, sending him
> flying backwards. He hit the ground a few yards away with a thud, blood pouring from the gaping wound. <p>

Aximili turned, laughing, and ran towards Daroneasa. What a fool! Daroneasa would kill him without a moment's hesitation!

Milkaan lay dying, gasping for air. Suddenly a human with wild blond hair came running to the leader's side. It was Tobias, who had become a
> War-Prince as well. What was he doing here? <p>

Milkaan smiled up at Tobias the way K'glique smile. With their eyes, like Andalites.

Tobias, my friend, I hope the galaxy realizes that there is better ways than war to resolve their problems after all this... >

Tobias was crying. I realized I was too, but I still was fighting, killing.

Suddenly, I saw Aximili turn his weapon on Tobias.

Traitor! > He hissed. Then... Tobias? >

Tobias looked at him defiantly. Aximili's tail quivered, but he didn't strike. He slowly turned and walked away.

I looked to my side. Josh, the kid who had laughed at Tom and Nimue when they told of the Yeerk invasion, was fighting. He seemed to love it, and was
> popping off aliens left and right. <p>

He spotted me as he pointeded his extremely large weapon at a Taxxon.

" Wassup, Bro?" He laughed, pulling the trigger. The Taxxon's guts splattered everywhere. Big mistake, because you see, Taxxons eat their wounded.
> And Josh smelled like a wounded Taxxon. Lunch time. <p>

I turned away from that as a Hork-Bajir charged me.

BAM!

She fell back, her head missing from her shoulders. I was horrified, but a Taxxon was coming! I turned, firing like mad! Taxxon guts everywhere!

Marco! Get back to the ship! We're going to blow this place up!!!
>

I ran for the nearest fighter and climbed on board. Humans and Andalites and Skrit Na were retreating in swarms to the fighters. The Hork-Bajir,
> K'glique and Taxxons were cheering, believing they had won. I wanted to cry out to them, to tell them what would happen. But I couldn't. I could only
 sit and watch. A few Hork-Bajir, including Daroneasa and Jiseka, climbed into fighters to peruse us. Daroneasa and some of her warriors would
> survive. <p>

But most of her people and most of the K'glique would not. And none of the Taxxons.

> Milkaan died that day. And with him went the revolution. Daroneasa and her handful of warriors couldn't hope to win. The species allied with the
 Andalites rose to greatness. Those not fell to ruins.

The Hork-Bajir are still scattered throughout the galaxy. The K'glique are nearly extinct. The
> Taxxons and the Yeerks were annihilated. <p>

During the war, one day, I thought I saw a beautiful red haired woman, fighting alongside a Hork-Bajir. She looked at me, and I swear it was Nimue.
> Visser Thirteen. But I had shrugged off that feeling. I think I would have lost it if I'd known for sure. <p>

The K'glique war was the most bloody, tragic war in the history of our galaxy. Well, the known history. Who knows how many millions of wars have
> been fought before us? The only war I ever fought besides the one against the Yeerks. I had thought when I was a young Animorph that those battles
 were hell. But nothing was able to be compared to the violence of a real war. Especially that last day, when my enemies and my soul were crushed
> beneath Andalite hooves. <p>

Chapter 14

7 years later:

Life was good. The war had been over for a while now, and life seemed to be returning to normal, getting less hectic. I didn't miss the action one bit.
> On that day, I was going to meet Aximili with Jake. We were going to discuss something unimportant, as usual. I halfway missed the old days. But not
 much. I hated the violence and was glad it was all over.

I sat at the controls, daydreaming about Visser Thirteen. I wondered where she was at the time, or if she was even alive. I hoped she was happy. I
> wondered where my friend Daroneasa was too. Was she alive either? And Jiseka? Too many questions. <p>

"Marco! Wake up!"

I woke with a start, seeing the Andalite ship ahead and Jake's stern face.

"Sorry." I muttered.

I piloted my fighter into the docking bay of Aximilli's great ship, the Galaxy Fighter. I was very used to flying the fighter, and it was my home, in a way.
> I hardly ever got to go home anymore. Sure, on the holidays, but it took a lot of effort and planning. Plus, all my relatives fussed over me like mad, and
 the kids had tons of friends who wanted autographs. The bad part about being famous. I didn't ask for this. It wasn't my choice, really.

As the docking procedure ceased, I could see four Andalites moving towards our ship.

"Everyone off!" I said in a train conductor fashion, opening the doors.

Jake smirked at me and then climbed off to meet Aximilli. Cassie and little Desmond stayed onboard.

They must have been exhausted. We'd been flying for weeks, and they'd been awfully busy. And I was sure I hadn't slept in over 48 hours. Oh well.

I climbed off after Jake, blinking at the bright lights that the Andalites seemed to love.

Greetings Marco. > Aximilli said.

"'Sup, Ax-Man?" I said, grinning at him. It was a fake grin. I hated being around Aximilli.

He had changed so much. Since the K'glique war, I had known that he was evil...though I would have no idea how evil he was for the next few days.

Aximilli got straight to the point.

We have intercepted a bounty hunter. She claims she has found Visser Thirteen, the last yeerk. >

I jumped. Visser Thirteen was alive? After all these years?

I got a bitter taste in my throat...the Andalites would kill her no doubt. Starve her of her Kandrona rays

and torture her to death. I felt like screaming, crying. My stomach turned over and over.

Still, how had she survived? She must have had to take a new, organic host. The android hosts had all been

destroyed.

I looked at Jake uneasily. He looked upset as well, but was trying to hide it.

"Well, lets just go see about that, shall we?" He said coolly.

Aximilli nodded and smiled the way Andalites smile. With their eyes. But Aximilli's smile was not like his old one.

Not like any other Andalite's. His was one of pure evil, the same or worse than Visser Three's once was.

We walked to the next docking room. In it was a beautiful ship made of a purple tinted metal, commonly found on the Andalite world. A tall creature,
> possibly a Hork-Bajir in armor, stood next to it. It held a chain in one hand, and the other <p>

end of the chain was tied to a woman's hands. A beautiful woman with short red hair. Nimue. Visser Thirteen.

She looked up to see us coming and nearly fell over. She recognized Jake and I. And she certainly did recognize Aximilli. For any yeerk,

seeing him was

> to never see again. When the Yeerks had been slaughtered, the name Aximilli made them cringe with fear. <p>

"I've come to bounty Visser Thirteen." said the creature.

Certainly. But... > Aximilli whipped his tail forward, slicing away the mask of the bounty hunter.

The female Hork-Bajir was strange, like Daroneasa. She had long brown hair and brown skin. She was a thinker.

Jalrai, you are just as wanted as Visser Thirteen. So, thank you for turning yourself in as well as the yeerk. You both will die now.
>

Jalrai looked bewildered, but stood bravely.

"I am wanted because an Andalite named Alloran did something terrible and I was blamed. But that makes no difference now. Kill me when you see fit."

Aximilli laughed, and shot his tail forward.

Fwapp! Jalrai's arm was detached from her body!

She lept forward, slicing at Aximilli's head. Aximilli struck again, cutting a huge gash in Jalrai's stomach.

Jalrai collapsed in a panting heap, her insides falling out of her body.

Aximilli coolly grabbed a shredder beam and headed towards her. He stood over her like a mountain, taking joy in her dying gasps.

"Some day, Aximilli, your tyranny will end." She growled.

Ha ha ha. You think so? > Aximilli shot the Hork-Bajir in the chest angrily. Jalrai screamed, then evaporated slowly.

Ooops. > Aximilli laughed.

Visser Thirteen stared at him with rage in her eyes. How had she gotten Nimue as a host again? Perhaps Nimue had let herself be taken again?

Take this yeerk to chamber 113 in corridor E. There, she will remain for three days and be starved of her kandrona rays. >

Visser Thirteen's eyes went wide for a moment, but then she regained her determined, knowing stare at Aximilli. Then she turned it on Jake and I.

But when she saw us, she must have seen the sadness on our faces. She smiled at us sadly, the same way she had smiled when Visser Three died.

The Andalites grabbed her roughly and led her away.

Another day, another victory. > Aximilli yawned.

I wanted to hit him. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to run after Visser Thirteen and save her. I wanted to take her somewhere away from the Andalites
> where she would be safe. But I couldn't. I could only watch as Aximilli gloated and Visser Thirteen was led away to her doom.
<p>

Well, Jake, I will talk to you in two hours. Until then, make yourself comfortable aboard my ship. >

"No thanks, Ax. I'll just hang out on my ship for a while."

Very well. >

I stood frozen, watching Aximilli walk away. Hatred boiled in me.

"Come on Marco. There's nothing we can do for her." Jake whispered.

He pulled me back onto our ship. Once inside, he sealed all the doors and turned on the lights.

Cassie was awake again, but little Desmond was sprawled out all over one of the couches. Jake hugged Cassie and told her what had happened.

Cassie seemed very upset.

"How could Ax do that?" she moaned.

"We all know that he's changed. He's not Ax anymore. He's like Visser Three."

Cassie nodded sadly and sat down on a couch.

"Now, we have to do something. Maybe....maybe we could save the Visser. We could morph and crawl through the ventilation systems. I know where
> she is." <p>

"Yes, but then we'd be criminals." Cassie pointed out.

Jake looked grim. I knew that if it weren't for Cassie and Desmond, he would do it in a heartbeat. But he could not risk them.

"We...we may be able to save Visser Thirteen herself. The yeerk. Aximilli will simply think that Jalrai tricked him, and set Nimue free.

Tonight, we go through the pipes, find her, lead her back through, then let her leave her host body. I think I have a small kandrona in the cargo area."

I felt happy. We were going to save Visser Thirteen and get away clean. Once again, I was wrong. Once again, I would pay dearly for my foolishness.

Chapter 15

Jake and I crawled our little rat butts around the ventilation system, looking for room 113. We had managed to locate corridor E, but there were at least three hundred rooms there. <p>

Smell for yeerk. Remember what Yeerks smell like? >

Yes, great leader, I do. > I laughed.

Suddenly, I smelled it. A yeerk. The rat brain thought 'mmm...slug. Maybe with a bit of corn on the side, it'd taste great.' But my brain knew that the > 'slug' was <p>

Visser Thirteen. And if anything, she would never be just a slug to me.

I dropped through the vent into the room below and landed on something soft.

Visser Thirteen looked at me gently and reached over to stroke my head. I let her for a moment, then Jake dropped down beside me.

Demorph > Jake said.

I quickly returned to human form. Visser Thirteen stood up and hugged me tightly.

"I missed you Marco. You too, Jake."

"Ditto. Right now, though, we need you to listen very carefully to us." Jake said, beginning to morph his Hork-Bajir morph.

Okay, now, I'm gonna lift Marco up first, then you. Then I'll jump up, okay? >

Visser Thirteen nodded and smiled. Jake grabbed me and practically threw me up into the ventilation duct, then carefully lifted Nimue up to me.

"Jake, I'll get you for that later." I said, rubbing my head.

Jake jumped up with a clatter into the vent.

Get going, smart alec. > Jake growled, shoving me playfully.

"You guys really haven't changed much, have you?" Visser Thirteen laughed, and began crawling towards the cargo bay.

Suddenly..

SkkkkkrrrrrEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

An alarm!

Visser Thirteen gasped, fear crossing her face again.

"Marco, there's no time. They'll notice I'm gone." She began to crawl back towards the hole to her room.

"NO!" I screamed, grabbing her arm harshly. I couldn't let her die. No! I had to do something!

It came to me in a flash.

"Enter my body." I hissed, grabbing her head and putting it next to mine. She looked horrified for a moment.

"Marco...I..."

"Do it!" I growled angrily. A moment later, I felt my ear go kind of numb and then pressure and intense pain as the yeerk squeezed into my head.

I looked ahead as Nimue fell back, then jumped down the shaft. Of course. Nimue had let Visser Thirteen take control again. They were friends.

"Good luck." She whispered, and then disappeared back down the hole.

I suddenly lost control of my body. I felt Visser Thirteen press into the creases in my brain.

She could read my ever thought, read my mind like a book, control my every move. I was her slave. And god help me, I didn't mind it one bit.

Marco, don't worry. I will not read your memories without your permission. >

Visser Thirteen's real voice. A silent but still beautiful voice. One I wanted to hear for all eternity.

Lets go! > Jake yelled back.

I felt myself crawling. I could feel the Visser's fears and doubts. She was afraid for Jake and me. She was sad that it all would end like this. That she

> was the last of her kind...that Aximili had become what he was now, that the Hork-Bajir would forever be homeless, all wandering throughout the
 galaxy as bounty hunters or slaves.

She turned my eyes back to see Jake in his Hork-Bajir morph, crawling swiftly towards me. Or her. What was the difference?

"Visser, get moving!" He whispered harshly.

Visser Thirteen began to crawl faster and faster, causing my knees to ache. She felt the pain too, but she couldn't stop. The sooner we got back to

> the ship, the better. I felt her opening a memory...not an important one. Just the memory of a rat. The changes began as we moved, and she didn't
 slow down one bit as the morphing process began. I could see the rat eyes looking back at Jake. Panic!

Predator! Visser Thirteen powered those little

> rat legs as fast as she could. <p>

Visser! It's just Jake! Calm down! Gain control! >

Ahh! Predator! > She screamed, panicked.

Control! Your a yeerk, for crying out loud, you should be able to control a mind! > I screamed, deliberately trying to insult her and make her wake

> up. <p>

It worked. I could tell her feelings were hurt, but she also knew why I'd said it.

I...I didn't mean that, you know. > I whispered.

Yes. > She said calmly, and continued until we reached the vent into the first docking bay. She demorphed from rat quickly, dropped down, and ran

> into the ship, Jake close behind. It was strange...feeling the Visser's fears and sadness. For years, before I met Visser, I'd never thought of a yeerk as
 anything more than a slug. Just an evil slavemaster. But now I know...no species is capable of being entirely evil.

Visser Thirteen turned my eyes towards Jake as his three horns disappeared last. Cassie and Desmond had fallen asleep again, and why not? It was

> late, according to "ship time" the time used on the ships. Anyway, the Andalite and human ships. <p>

I will let you have control again, Marco. >

I felt myself slowly regain control over my body again. But the Visser was still there, in the back of my mind, listening to me, connected to me.

Jake looked at me intently. He knew that Visser Thirteen was returning my freedom for now.

"Marco, are you okay?" He asked cautiously.

"I guess."

"Good. Now," He looked at me, his eyes for a moment sad. "Make me this promise. Promise me that no matter what happens, you'll protect Cassie and

> Desmond." <p>

I was surprised. Of course I would but...what was going on? Why would Jake say that?

"I...I promise." I gulped.

"Thank you." He smiled sadly and walked back into the sleeping chambers. I used the camera to see what he was doing. He stood over Cassie and

> Desmond, who were both still sleeping soundly. He looked at them, tears running down his face, and bent over and gave Cassie a kiss, then brushed
 her hair from her face sadly. He then kissed

Desmond on his forehead and said something I couldn't hear. He stood up and looked at them both, like he
> would never see them again. He finally left to his own chambers and lay down, like he was tired. <p>

Visser Thirteen....I could feel her emotions. She was upset, her mind screaming, like she knew something was going to happen. She was afraid. Oh so
> afraid. <p>

But she gained control of my mind again, trying to hide her emotions.

Marco, do you remember the time we first met? >

Yeah, you slammed my fingers in a locker. >

No, that was Nimue. I mean the day you asked me to the dance.
>

Yes... > I stammered. What was she getting at?

You remember when I left? >

I couldn't forget if I tried. >

She seemed to grow sadder.

After I left, you know I took over the empire and freed everyone, and gave the Hork-Bajir a new world.

But then, five years later, the Andalites came.. >

Suddenly, the image of a Yeerk android running alongside her towards an escape pod of some sort. Dozens of other Yeerks were running past, some
> shouting, others just looking afraid. A red light flashed on and off, and a computer wailed: "Enemy ship approaching. Quantum weapons detected." <p>

The other Yeerk stopped and smiled at Visser Thirteen, only by then she was simply the empress of the Yeerk empire.

"The pod will carry you away from here. There is a portable kandrona and a pool onboard, and a host. A virus has been released, and these android
> bodies will soon short circuit. Good luck, my sister." <p>

Visser Thirteen stood, looking at her brother sadly, then did a very human thing. She hugged him, and the organic android eyes shed some sort of tear.
> Visser Thirteen then turned and ran towards the pod. <p>

"We'll get to the other pods! Head for the K'glique world!"

Of course. That was why the Andalites started their war. They must have detected her as she went to the K'glique planet.

Yes Marco...it was my fault that the K'glique war began. That millions of lives were lost. > She said sadly.

No. > I said simply. She hadn't caused it. The Andalites had.

The images began again, with her shooting into space, now in the body of Nimue. Nimue had worked with the Yeerks, and had decided to give her

> freedom for the Visser. Visser turned to the screen that viewed her world, as the empty android host in the back of the room began to sprout sparks.
 There was an Andalite dome ship over the planet, hovering like a vulture. Suddenly, she realized what would happen.

"NO!" She screamed to no one as the blue ray shot into the heart of the planet, causing it to erupt into a ball of dust and fire. She stared, horrified, at
> the remains of her world. Ten billion Yeerks....destroyed in less than a minute. The Andalite ship then turned towards her. She snapped out of it, the
 typical Yeerk's excellent sense of survival kicking in. She shot away, towards the K'glique world, dodging the Andalite ship's fire.

You see? I was such a coward... > She said softly.

I didn't have anything to say. This was too much for me. I felt a hatred for the Andalites like none I'd ever felt before. They destroyed the Yeerks...all of
> them. In cold blood, they murdered billions of them. All of them, except for Visser Thirteen. <p>

You see? > She said sadly.

Suddenly, the K'glique battle! A Hork-Bajir, with long blond hair at her side, fighting ferociously.

She watched as an Andalite stood smugly over a dying K'glique. Milkaan. He simply turned away, knowing that Milkaan, the great leader of the
> K'glique, wanted to die. Suddenly, a human with wild brownish blond hair ran to Milkaan's side. He stood next to him, comforting him in his last few
 moments.

Visser Thirteen strained to hear as she fought away creatures of all description, but she could only see that he was saying something...she couldn't
> tell what. <p>

Milkaan hung limp, and Tobias's eyes welled up with tears.

The Andalite turned and pointed his shredder beam on the Tobias suddenly.

Traitor!> he hissed...but then his eyes lost all fury.

T...Tobias? > he stammered. Tobias stared at him defiantly. The Andalite...Aximili, turned away, seemingly unable to bring himself to destroy Tobias.

Of course. Tobias and he were Shorm. It would violate Andalite law and custom.

Again, the image changed to the inside of an alien bar. Loud, annoying Andalite music was playing, and there were several creatures of all description.

> Some were drinking, some were eating, some were doing other things I couldn't begin to understand. <p>

A Hork-Bajir walked towards Visser Thirteen, smiling.

"Mind if I sit here?" She said.

> Visser Thirteen knew why she was there. She was there to bounty her to the Andalites. <p>

"I know why your here. I won't fight you."

The Hork-Bajir female didn't seemed at all surprised, and smiled sadly.

Again, the image changed. Visser Thirteen was watching the Hork-Bajir pilot her fighter into the docking bay of the Andalite ship. She turned back to

> look at her prisoner. <p>

"Look...I'm not doing this for the money. I'm doing this because you are a danger to every planet and person you come in contact with.

It's not your

> fault...but....you understand, don't you?" <p>

Visser Thirteen did not understand. Why had the Andalites done this to her? Why? Why, when she had tried so hard to make peace, had it all

> backfired? <p>

But still, she nodded slowly to the Hork-Bajir. The Hork-Bajir was crying. It was Jalrai...she knew how the Andalite lies could destroy a species. They

> had nearly destroyed her own. <p>

The next image was that of Jalrai being killed by the bloodthirsty Aximili, and Jake and I standing there. Visser Thirteen had not realized that we were

> not truly allies of Aximili first, and inside she was screaming, crying. But then, she did see us. And inside, she wept. She knew the torture that awaited
 her, and she was afraid. She knew that we might try to save her, and that was even worse.

So you see, Marco...you see what I truly am. >

I didn't understand her...not one bit. She was not a coward, but she lived in fear. She hid, but she came when she was caught.

We Yeerks have a strong survival instinct. I...I have to fight it to do what is right. I have not always been successful. Marco...I wish I could go

> back...I want to know what went wrong. > <p>

So do I. > I sighed.

She seemed to smile, even though she couldn't. But still, she was sad. And the fear was overwhelming. But despite this, she finally let me sleep.

Chapter 16

When I awoke, my head was empty. Visser Thirteen was gone from me. I looked around the ship for Jake. Cassie and Desmond were asleep, but Jake

> was no where to be found. I ran for the hatch and stopped in my tracks. Cold, dead space. Fear crept into me. I ran to the control room. The controls
 were locked! I desperately tried to break the code, but to no avail. I noticed, though, a small disk with my name on it in the co-pilot seat. I picked up
> with trembling hands and inserted it into the computer. Nimue's face was on the screen. <p>

"Marco, by the time you get this, the sleeping agent Jake injected into you will be gone. You'll be in space, and Jake and I will be dead, more than

> likely. I want you to know that I love you, Marco...I don't know if you love me or not. But just remember me...and Jake. And never forget what you and
 I fought for." the screen flickered. "The controls to your ship will be released once the ship carries you far enough away from Aximili's ship. Please

> don't go back for us. Think of Desmond and Cassie...there will be a time when you will destroy Aximili. Don't let the victory over your enemy change
 you like it changed him." She smiled weakly. "I guess you could also say that was my fault. I've made so many mistakes, but I try not to be afraid as I

> go to my death. Marco...we never were evil, us Yeerks. You know that now. No species will ever be able to be completely evil. I may not be much
 more than a slug, but I still love you. Please don't forget that. Goodbye, Marco."

The screen flashed to Jake's face.

"Marco, ol' buddy, I know you won't understand why we're doing this now, but someday you will. Remember your promise to me. Keep Cassie and

> Desmond safe. I...I know you'll miss me. You and I are like brothers." He smiled a sad smile. "you remember when all this started? Who would have
 thought it would end this way? Oh well, Visser Thirteen and I will try to make it right. I promise you that. See you later, my friend. Keep yourself out of

> trouble, okay?" As his image faded, tears rolled down his cheeks...and mine. <p>

Suddenly, a signal flashed from the Andalite ship. I knew what it was. It was Aximili, trying to show me how he'd killed Jake and Visser Thirteen...my

> love...the last yeerk. <p>

Ah, Marco. I know your out there somewhere, and I'll deal with you shortly. But now, I think I'd like you to see something...

>

Suddenly, the image changed. Aximili was standing in the middle of a room, and Andalite guards were dragging two humans towards Aximili. I was

> suddenly aware of Cassie, peering over my shoulder tearfully. She must have been there the entire time. <p>

The two guards threw Jake down before Aximilli. Aximilli looked at him in such a way that he reminded me so much of Visser Three, not his brother, Elfangor. Jake looked up at him, pure defiance on his face.

The screen flickered for a moment, then I heard him.

So, Prince Jake, you've betrayed me and attempted to free my enemy. You would have the Yeerks take over again, would you?

After I destroyed them, you would dare to rob me of my glory and pride? >

"I see no pride or glory in killing the last yeerk. None of this would have happened without her."

For her, this was nearly an accident. All Yeerks are evil, and the galaxy will hear that I have killed the last one with my own tail.
>

Jake climbed to his feet. He was going to die, and he knew it.

He would die on his feet, like the hero he was. He made a sound in his throat,

then spit on Aximilli, a look of such hatred in his eyes, it scared everyone.

"Aximilli, your a tyrant. Maybe once, long ago, you were decent and kind. But not anymore. You'll never be your brother Elfangor. Your nothing but a
> criminal, a million times worse than Visser Three ever was!"
<p>

Aximilli made a snorting sound.

I'm ten times the hero that Elfangor ever was. I do promise you one thing. When I find Marco, I'll make sure he dies slowly, Prince Jake. Cassie and
> Desmond too. > <p>

"Don't call me prince. Once that was our little joke, remember? Back when you were a good

person. Now, I don't want you to call me anything but enemy. If you ever find Marco, he'll be the one who destroys you, Aximilli."

Aximilli stood for a moment in deadly silence. His tail twitched angrily.

Jake stood still as a statue, his face right in Aximilli's, his brown eyes burning with fury and hate.

"Go ahead. Freedom will live on. And you, if you have any bit of goodness and humility left in

your hearts, will have to live with the fact that you destroyed me."

Yes, Prince Jake. > Aximili sneered.

Aximilli's tail whipped forward! Every other time I'd watched Ax in a fight, except for that fateful day

he destroyed Visser Three, I'd never really saw

that deadly tail. That wicked wicked curved blade. But, oh, now I saw it, shooting towards Jake.

The tail struck, and Jake fell, let out a final wheezing gasp, and

the greatest hero in the galaxy, the great leader of the Animorphs, my best friend, Prince Jake, died.

I heard Cassie let out a terrible moan. Awful, heart-wrenching

cries. Like mine. Because not only had my best friend, no, more

like my brother, been killed, but I knew what would happen next. I tried

to gain control of my ship, but the auto-drive was still encrypted. And I couldn't risk Cassie and Desmond. I had to keep my promise. I was powerless

> to stop the ship from drifting away to safety. I <p>

looked at the screen again, to see my love standing with her

host's hands tied behind her back, For once not looking uncertain.

She knew her fate.

Aximilli stood for a moment, blood dripping on his tail, laughing.

My how the tables have turned, Visser Thirteen. >

"More than you think. Don't you see? You've become Visser Three. Jake was Elfangor. And Marco

is you as you used to be, the brave warrior. And he will kill you, Aximilli. You hear me? He'll kill you!"

She looked at him as she had looked at him when he gloated the

day he destroyed Visser Three. That look of hate and disgust.

Aximilli's tail cut into my love. Once again, one of the greatest heroes in the galaxy fell,

breathed her last, and died.

I don't know what happened much after that, just that the ship's

auto drive kicked off and I was gone. If not for the fact that I

would have endangered Cassie and Desmond, I would have gone back and destroyed Aximili then and there, or die trying. I tried

to hold back the tears, but it was no use. Aximili killed my

love....killed her in cold blood, when she was totally defenseless.

Power up, T.O. Ashkar. >

Sir? >

the T.O asked. He stared horrified at the bodies of Jake and

Visser Thirteen.

You heard me, get this ship moving. I want to feel my tail pierce Marco's throat. > Aximilli said coolly, wiping the red blood off his tail casually.

Sir...you killed Prince Jake.. >

How observant of you. Get moving, or he'll be the least of your worries. >

The T.O looked at Jake again. I could tell that he was extremely

upset.

He paused, then stepped back from the control panel.

Aximili's tail shot forward , destroying the T.O.

Aximili screeched, infuriated.

A blond human female stepped forward. She had a huge scar

over her right eye, making it completely white. The other eye was a shocking blue. She was very beautiful, but when someone

looked at her, she seemed to seethe with evil. It was Rachel.

"Yes, Aximilli. As you command."

I turned from the screen, tears streaming down my eyes. What had gone wrong?

As I punched the ship into maximum burn, I knew that I would destroy Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthil. Visser Thirteen was right. I would kill him. I'd kill him
> for Jake. For Milkaan. For Rachel. And most of all, <p>

for my love, Visser Thirteen.

The ship shot away from the Andalite world and all those memories. I checked the remote screen in time to see three bodies being shot from Aximilli's
> ship. <p>

A yeerk and two humans.

I choked back sobs, remembering all the times when Jake and I were kids. Playing video games and reading comics.

We'd known each other since we were a year old. Life without

Jake...how? How could that be possible?

And how could I even breathe without Visser Thirteen? My beautiful, funny, heroic Visser Thirteen. When I was a kid, I never thought I could ever
> befriend, let alone love, a yeerk. But <p>

I know now what I didn't know then. There is no such thing as a totally evil race of creatures, and the Andalites just never even took the time to learn
> about their foe. They assumed all Yeerks were evil, and that all should be destroyed. And my <p>

Visser Thirteen was the last. The very last yeerk, gone forever.

My only love, gone forever. Had she even known that I loved her?

Aximili's ship jumped into z-space. The chase was on. I'd lure him away, and then I'd kill him with my own hands, no matter what it took.

I heard sobs from Cassie in the back.

"Jake!" she moaned over and over.

I hated Aximilli. A dark, furious hate that burned into my soul.

The part of me that had for years wanted to still be Aximilli's friend was gone. He was not what he once was. Aristh Aximilli was nothing but a
> memory. Prince Aximilli was the reality. I was too blind to see it when I was young, but it was inevitable <p>

that this would happen. It made such perfect sense. Rachel and Aximilli had both been losing touch with

reality. After destroying David, it was the beginning of the end.

Chapter 17

After nearly the longest week of my life, not to mention the most miserable, we came upon astroid 12-7 B, the one Jake and I had established a sort of
> hide out on. It had been made during the K'glique war, in case someone needed to hide there. I would hide Cassie and Desmond there, and then I would
 wait for Aximili. And when he came, I would destroy him.

"Entering asteroid's atmosphere. Landing in 5 minutes, 45 seconds."

> I glanced at the computer screen nervously. I didn't like landing on asteroids, even big ones like this one. But this was not a true asteroid. It was one of
 the many fragments left of the Yeerk homeworld. When Jake and I had first explored it, we had found the...remains...of some of the yeerk empire. The
> great Yeerk empire...all gone. Sixteen years ago, I would have been thrilled. Not now. Not with my best friend dead, two of my other friends against
 me, and my love and her entire species annihilated.

"Warning. Warning. Weapons detected. Prepare for impact." the computer said calmly.

"Crap!" I growled, reaching for the shields button. It couldn't be the Andalites. No way. Their ship was still in Z-space. It had to come from the surface.

BAAAVVVVVVIIIIIIITTTTZZZZ!!!!!!!

The sound of a laser burning the hull!

"Severe damage to engines. Prepare for impact."

"Shut up!" I screeched at the computer.

"Impact in ten seconds."

"NONONO!!!!" I screeched, trying desperately to stop our ship from crashing. I happened to look out the window as another missile shot past
> us....from two Hork-Bajir...but they weren't aiming for us then. They were aiming for an Andalite ship behind us. Aximili's.
<p>

That's when we hit the surface of the asteroid and everything went black.

I came to with Cassie and Desmond standing over me. I was painfully reminded of Jake by Desmond's face. I climbed to my feet and brushed myself
> off shakily. <p>

"You okay, Uncle Marco?" Desmond asked.

"You bet, kiddo." I said, attempting to sound cheerful. Cassie gave me a dubious look.

"Where are we?"

"An astroid...a fragment of the Yeerk Homeworld. It has an atmosphere and Jake and I built a sort of hide out here nearly eight years ago.

Cassie shivered slightly.

"It's cold." She said with a hollow voice. I knew she wasn't cold. She was afraid. And so was I.

"I think there are some blankets and stuff in the hide out..."

Suddenly, the sound of taloned feet running outside.

"Marco!"

The voice was familiar. I tried to remember.

"Daroneasa!"

"Hey there bud!" She stuck her head into the hole the missile had made.

"Hello Cassie and Desmond..." She looked puzzled.

"Where's Jake?"

I almost cried. I expected Cassie to, but she didn't.

"Aximili killed Jake, Visser Thirteen, and Jalrai. He is after us now, and we were heading here to the hide out. Aximili will follow us."

Daroneasa looked surprised and sad at the same time.

Then furious.

"Aximili will pay!" She muttered.

"Yes, he will. But first, I must get Cassie and Desmond to safety. Do you know where the hideout is?"

"Yes. Jiss and I found it about a year ago. We've been hiding here. We mistook you for Andalites. We also shot down another fighter, but we can't find
> it." <p>

I felt a chill down my spine. Something in me knew that it was Aximili...and Rachel.

"How far to the hideout?"

"Only a few yards. Follow me."

We went to the hideout, which had barely changed. Inside the main

cavern were many supplies and weapons. There were a few private quarters, one
> of which Cassie and Desmond took. There were some unexplored areas of the cave down to the east. After settling in, I decided to explore them with
 Jiss.

"Have you ever been down this tunnel, Jiss?"

He shook his snake-like head and grunted. Something told me he didn't like it down there.

"Too much death. Reminds me of war." He sighed, bending over gently to pick up a small android host. The Yeerks, for some reason, built hosts that

> were only about two or three feet tall. I guess they wanted something more their size. <p>

"We...we use them if need be. The metal." He said, sounding ashamed. The android's electronic eyes stared ahead, it's mouth open. The artificial tears

> that had once flown down it's silicon cheeks were hardened, crystallized. Jiss looked at the android and then gently lifted the top of it's head off. I
 almost vomited when I saw the dried yeerk inside. He closed it with clenched teeth. I noticed he was crying.

"The Andalites...so arrogant...so evil in their ways. They kill. The Yeerks only wanted to be free themselves. And they found a way to do it without

> enslaving others...and look." He waved his hand across the artificial host. <p>

"I...I know." I sighed.

We carried the android back to the supply room, where the two Hork-Bajir would eventually use it in some manner.

That night I slept a deep sleep, dreaming terrible, sad dreams.

First, I was in the hallway of my own school in wolf morph. I was walking by kids, who barely seemed to notice me. Suddenly, I saw Nimue. She

> turned and ran in slow motion, and I chased her. I caught up to her and lept for her. She put up her hands to protect herself, but it was no use. I
 lowered my teeth towards her unprotected throat and...

FLASH!

The K'glique war raged around me, with Andalites, humans, skrit na, Hork-Bajir, Taxxons, and K'glique, all destroying each other. Blood everywhere.

> Jake mowing down a Taxxon, then turning suddenly and firing at a teenage Hork-Bajir warrior. The young warrior fell, a look of surprise and fear on his
 face. Jake dropped the gun in horror. Suddenly, a K'glique heading for him, it's mandibles clicking and gaping.

Daroneasa grabbed him, carrying him to safety. They were on opposite

sides, but Daroneasa knew that the humans had been told Andalite lies.

FLASH!

Aximili's tail, shooting towards me! I roll and.....

FWAP! The tail struck just inches away from my head. I was awake!

AHHH! > Aximili growled, angry that he'd missed.

"Aximili!" I shouted, infuriated and surprised.

Yes, > he sneered. Your little Hork-Bajir friends aren't here to protect you. Rachel and I have come to destroy you three traitors!>

He struck! I dodged again!

"Your the traitor, you scum! I'll kill you!"

Ha ha ha. Human against Andalite? Hardly a challenge. And it's so much fun killing humans. It was very enjoyable, feeling my blade cut Jake's throat.

> Oh yes, and Visser Thirteen's too. There was quite a bit of blood, and if I remember correctly, she took a few minutes to die. A little longer than Jake.
 >

"BASTARD!" I lept for Aximili. I was INSANE. No human could ever hope to overcome an Andalite, with that deadly tail. No normal human. But I was not

> normal. I was nothing but pure hate and power! I didn't need to morph. I wouldn't morph. I'd destroy him myself. <p>

Aximili's tail flashed forward! I jerked my head in time to miss the blade, but the blunt end of it knocked me in the head, causing red blood to flow from

> my nose. I didn't care. I hit Aximili square in the chest, knocking the air out of him. I wrapped my hands around his neck and practically lifted him off
 the ground! His tail struck my arm from an angle, leaving a large gash. I hardly noticed the blood, but a second blow from Aximili's hoof sent me flying > against the wall. I lay there panting as Aximili stood over me triumphantly. <p>

Ha ha ha. Quite a good fight, for a human. But now, Marco, you die. And I will personally destroy Cassie and Desmond, if your friend Rachel has not

> already beat me to it. In the human tradition: Any last words? > <p>

Hate boiled in my blood. I wanted to destroy him. It was the only thought in my mind.

"I'm going to destroy you." I said through clenched teeth. Aximili began to laugh, but I kicked him in the lower chest again, catching him off guard. I

> balled up my fist, drew back and hit him in the middle of his face. I heard bones break and a squishing sound as some of them went into

his brain.
 Blood gushed from his nose and ears as he staggered back, to stunned and hurt to use his tail. He collapsed in a bloody heap.

"That's for Visser Thirteen, you evil tyrant. And Jake, and for everyone you ever hurt. You're the opposite of your brother, Aximili. You're nothing. You're
> just a wicked bloodthirsty monster." I kicked him in the side viscously, causing him to wheeze and cough louder. His gasps became shallow and he
 struggled as he spoke, his mind closing down.

Yes...yes you're right...I am an evil tyrant...but for what it's worth now, Marco, I'm sorry. > He gasped for a few seconds, then was still. I looked
> over his dead body, with sudden sorrow. There was no satisfied feeling, no glory. My grief was doubled. Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthill was dead. Maybe it
 had been necessary, but so had the death of Visser Thirteen and Elfangor and Jake. It didn't make it any better. I had no time to mourn, because
> suddenly I realized with dread: Cassie and Rachel. <p>

I broke into a run, heading for the main chamber. There, I saw Rachel in grizzly morph and Cassie in wolf morph. Ironical that they would choose those
> for battle. They both had more powerful creatures. But I knew why they did it this way. They would fight against each other as they had once fought
 alongside each other.

Both were already caked with blood, and Cassie was panting heavily.

Ah, Marco. I suppose Aximili is dead, then? No matter, I'll finish her off first, then I'll start on you. And then, finally, I'll get Desmond and the two
> Hork-Bajir. > <p>

She laughed. But while she was distracted, Cassie leapt! She sunk her teeth into the bear's...Rachel's...neck. Rachel struggled and roared in pain, but
> Cassie didn't let go. She held her there, suffocating her to death. Rachel slowly kicked less and less until she was still. Finally, Cassie let go and began
 to demorph. When she was fully human, she looked down at the dead bear, Rachel.

"Oh god!" She moaned. "What have I done?"

I looked at her sadly.

"You did what you had to do, Cassie. You did what you had to do."

Tears flowed from her eyes, and she began to cry loudly.

"Hey! What happened! Oh my gawd!" Daroneasa and Jis ran towards us from the entrance.

"Aximili and Rachel attacked." I said simply.

Daroneasa stared at Rachel with horror, then at Cassie, then at me.

"Where's Aximili?"

"Dead. In my quarters." I breathed, trying to sound emotionless. Daroneasa looked at me with sadness on her face.

"Your friend Tobias has landed. He will be here shortly."

Tobias? What was he doing here? Was he finally in league with Aximili and Rachel? Would we have to destroy him too?

Three birds of prey flew down through the roof of the cavern, landed, and began to demorph. It was Tobias, Jeetarth, and Atrea.

Tobias looked around the room, horror on his face. I knew what he was going through. Aximili and Rachel had been his best friends. I didn't know what

> he was thinking though. He turned towards me, tears in his eyes. Jeetarth and Atrea looked frightened and bewildered. Jeetarth and Atrea were the
 Andalite children of Elfangor, and Arisths under Tobias's command. They looked from me to Tobias, searching for an explanation. But Tobias didn't need
> an explanation. He knew what had happened. <p>

He reached down and stroked Rachel's fur gently.

"This violence today...a conclusion to the greatest battle in the history of the galaxy. I will make sure that there is never another war like this one." He

> stood up and looked at me with hollow eyes. Tobias had lost a bit of his old self. I guess we all had. War does that to people, and afterwards they are
 never the same.

Chapter 18

That would be the last time I would ever see Cassie, Desmond, Tobias, Jeetarth, Atrea, and Jiseka again. I left that astroid, in my fighter with Daroneasa. Cassie and Desmond went with Tobias, Jeetarth, Jiseka, and Atrea. A year later, Tobias formed the Galaxy Council, who now reign benevolently and wisely. All races are represented there, and no race is ever discriminated against. The Andalites eventually accepted the council, bringing a final end to the long and bloody war. Tobias, as head of the council, found a new world for the K'glique and the Hork-Bajir.

Daroneasa and I parted ways, and no one has seen her since. She has disappeared once again. Perhaps, in troubled times, she will again show up. Perhaps not.

And I still roam the galaxy. I don't want to go back to Earth. I cannot. I guess I have broken my promise to Visser Thirteen. My victory over Aximili has changed me, in a way. Not like it changed him, but still, I am not the same person I was sixteen years ago when this all began. Only sixteen years. It's amazing what can happen in such a brief period of time, isn't it? So many things I should have done, should have said. So many things I shouldn't have done and said. Oh well, so much for regrets. Life goes on, and you can't dwell in the past. If you do, you will go out of your mind. Am I insane, I wonder? I remember saying that as a teenager without much thought

about it. I used to laugh everything off. But not anymore. I doubt that I'll ever really laugh again. With all the broken promises, all the pain, all the lies. I only have been able to keep two promises. The first, the one I made to Jake a year ago, shortly before he died. I protected Cassie and Desmond from Aximili and Rachel. The other, and to me, the most important: I'll always remember Visser Thirteen. She's somewhere. Perhaps in heaven, perhaps she's simply a wandering spirit, like the Chee now are. But I know she is here, and she can see me. She and I cannot be separated, even by death. Love knows no boundaries. It can cross species barriers, time and space, even dimensions. Even now, I know that Cassie and Jake are still together in spirit. Milkaan and his students, Visser Thirteen and her love who died so long ago, and any creature who has ever loved and lost. They all know. They all know how the tables can turn so quickly and they all know that no matter what there will always be a tomorrow. There will always be hope. The small colony of Hork-Bajir, Jara and Ket and Toby, had hope. They are all gone now, but a new seer will come. A new hope. And the Chee who were the last of the pemalites had hope, and none of this would have happened without them. They all played a part in this. The Chee, the Hork-Bajir, Visser Thirteen, us Animorphs, Aximili and Elfangor. We all made this happen. Whether good or bad, this is the reality. And hope still exists. So hope is a reality. And if you believe this, then never forget us Animorphs and our struggle with evil, both from inside and out. To forget is to repeat our mistakes. It is an endless cycle, I guess. There will always be evil. But there will also always be love. And as long as there is love, then hope will never ever be lost.

End
file.